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represent the life in this world, and that the child is as much the fruit of the tree as it is that of the womb. It is difficult to see how such a thought could have originated, unless it were connected with the planting of a tree in this world when the babe was born.

Nor is it only at a birth that the life-token is planted. Among the English-speaking population on the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake, when one of a family leaves home, a bit of live-for-ever is stuck in the ground to indicate the fortune of the absent one. It will flourish if he prosper; otherwise it will wither or die. An Italian work, falsely attributed to Cornelius Agrippa, gives the following prescription for divining the health of a person not far distant: Gather onions on the eve of every Christmas, and put them on an altar, and under every onion write the name of one of the persons as to whom information is desired. When planted, the onion that sprouts the first will clearly announce that the person whose name it bears is well. In the northeast of Scotland, when potatoes were dug for the first time in the season, a stem was put for each member of the family, the father first, the mother next, and the rest in order of age. Omens of the prosperity of the year were drawn from the number and size of the potatoes growing from each stem. Every Roman emperor solemnly planted on the Capitol a laurel, which was said to wither when he was about to die. It was the custom, too, of a successful general at his triumph to plant in a shrubbery set by Livia a laurel, which was believed to fade away after his death.

A PUEBLO RABBIT-HUNT.—Under the signature of "J. M. S.," a writer in the "New York Evening Post," July 20, 1895, dating his letter from Albuquerque, N. M., gives an account of a rabbit-hunt in New Mexico.

"The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico have an annual rabbit-hunt, which is a great event with them. It takes place with the appearance of the new moon in September. A sacred dance precedes the hunt, for with the Pueblo Indian dancing is a form of worship as well as of amusement.

"The ceremonies of the annual rabbit drive are conducted by the *shaman* (medicine-man) of the village. Under his direction prayer-plumes are planted around the village on the day preceding the hunt. These 'prayers' are sticks, notched at one end, about a foot in length, with a tuft of feathers tied on with a corn shred. Only feathers of the brightest plumage are used, as those of the woodpecker, bluebird, or redbird. Black feathers are considered to bring bad luck. The feathers of a blackbird or of a raven are of ill omen, and if found in the possession of any one he would be taken from the village and beaten to death as a witch. These 'prayers' are planted at intervals of about fifty feet in every direction for about a mile from the village. The distributors of them are first sprinkled by the *shaman* with sacred corn-meal. The 'prayers' are first planted to the east, and then to the north, south, and west; and the myriads of plumes seen on a plain give a picturesque appearance, something like a field of vari-colored flowers, or a garden in bloom.

"In front of every Pueblo village, facing to the east, is a shrine — a four

or five-foot stone structure, with two chambers. The shrine is topped with a smooth stone. Into these chambers and around the shrine are thrown the skulls and bones of rabbits killed at the hunt. At the next annual drive new bones are placed at the shrine. Each Indian engaging in the hunt is supposed to take from the shrine a charm in the shape of a bone of one of the rabbits, but in reality he has carved from stone a fetish resembling that part of the rabbit which strikes his fancy. This is supposed to give him luck in the drive. Bundles of prayer-plumes, inclosed in sacred corn-husks, are placed in the shrine; and when the ceremonial of each Indian hunter taking his peculiar charm has ended, the shrine is closed until the next annual drive.

"Each hunter places his charm around his neck, and then they all repair to the *estufa* (church) for their worship dance. The Indian believes that this fetish gives him the cunning and swiftness that the rabbit possesses. After all have squatted upon the floor, the *shaman* gives to each a sacred cigarette, made of native tobacco, and rolled in corn-husk. All smoke in silence. This is supposed to blind the red eyes of the rabbit, so that his capture may be assured. When all have finished, the *shaman* grunts, and then pitches a tune in which all join. Strangely there are no tenor or soprano voices among the Pueblo Indians, and as every one sings in nearly the same strain, their music is discordant — if it may be classed as music.

"About sundown, while the hunters are engaged in the preliminaries, the *alguacil* (high sheriff of the village) goes through the narrow and crooked streets shouting in a nasal tone that the hunt will take place the next morning; that the *shaman* will lead, that he has selected twenty braves for the hunt, mentioning their names, and that the rabbit-hunt dance will now begin — everybody must come. Whatever effect the cigarette smoking and the sacred singing may have had in paralyzing the rabbits is certainly dispelled by the discordant yells of this town crier.

"About dark the squaws build a fire near the door of the *estufa*, and then return to their huts — women not being permitted to enter the sacred *estufa*, nor witness the ceremonies. The medicine-man furnishes the spark for the fire by briskly rubbing together two sticks. This is considered sacred fire; if furnished otherwise it would be a profanation, and, besides, they would not kill any rabbits. The Pueblos believe that the sacred fire rests in trees, and that it can be had only in this manner.

"At a signal from the *shaman*, which is a grunt, all rise and form in line facing the east — the *shaman* at the head. He first sprinkles the floor with corn-meal, and then the men file before him, each receiving a sprinkling. The line has now formed as a crescent, opening to the east. The dance begins with a song, which is supposed to have the effect of so charming the rabbits that they cannot hear the approach of the hunter on the morrow. The dance is a slow promenade in single file; with a hippety-hop step, and the chanting is equally monotonous. Two men in front carry concave gourds in their left hands, over which they draw a notched stick. Those who have heard the raspings of a Chinese fiddle can have some idea of this excruciating noise. The men are bare-footed and bare-legged,

wearing only a patchwork of rabbit-skin around the body, reaching from the shoulders to the knees and loins. The breast is bare, with the exception of a coat of red paint, describing the figures of rabbits. During the height of the music one of the dancers jumps into the middle of the room with a 'Ho! Ho!' He imitates the jumping of a rabbit, and the manner in which that animal is to be killed the next day by the successful hunters. This is received with many grunts of approval. The dance lasts till after midnight, or ends with the endurance of the dancers.

"The next morning at sunrise the hunters meet in the *estufa*, and after each has smoked a sacred cigarette, they mount their ponies and form a line facing to the east — the direction of the hunt. Each hunter has several weapons like boomerangs tied to his saddle by buckskin thongs. A grunt from the *shaman*, and they form into the shape of a crescent, opening at the east. Another grunt, and there is a race to the point designated — two, or three, or even ten miles distant. Over the broad mesas they charge, hurling their boomerangs with almost unerring aim at the fleeing rabbits; now dismounting to bag their game, and off again with the speed of the wind. They know the haunts of the animals, and divide into groups to surround the likely fields, some routing up the rabbits, while others topple them over with the boomerang.

"The hunt ends about sundown, when the hunters return to the village, each carrying upon his pony the game that he has bagged, in a sack made of rabbit-skins. Those who have not killed many have very little to say, as usual with unlucky huntsmen. As they approach the village, singing the song of the rabbit-hunt, fires are seen just without the gate and near the shrine and the chanting of women is heard. They have gathered to welcome the return of the hunters, and are reëchoing the song of the rabbit-hunt. They meekly welcome the braves, and follow them to the cacique's house, all singing. Each hunter presents to the cacique a choice rabbit, — perhaps the largest of the catch, — and after serenading him they depart to their respective huts, and each prepares his own family feast.

"So the annual rabbit-hunt is ended. The hunter eats the head of the rabbit he has killed. This is supposed to give him power to kill others. They roast the rabbits in adobe ovens, or stew them whole, with corn-meal, in earthen jars. It is considered bad luck to eat a rabbit when fried.

"In the folk-lore of the Pueblo Indians is found a pretty legend of the rabbit-hunt: There was a little maid who had no brother to hunt rabbits for her, and as her widowed mother was too decrepit, she thought she would try her own luck. When out one day the usual rain-storm blew up, and she took refuge in the hollow of a tree. While waiting for the storm to pass, a big demon, twenty feet high and about half that measure around the girth, came to the tree and invited her out to supper — that is, she was to be the supper. As he was about to crawl into the hollow of the tree she threw to him her lunch, which he swallowed, basket and all. Then she handed out the few rabbits that she had killed, and he still cried for more. She stripped off her garments, and he swallowed these. He now found that he was so swollen that he could not enter the hollow. With his axe

he began to enlarge the opening in the tree, and now the little maid began to cry and call for her mother. Three powerful spirits, who conveniently happened to be near, heard the noise of the demon's axe, and hurried to the spot. They conquered him in short order, held an autopsy on his frame, and returned to the maiden her clothing and rabbits. As she could not marry them all, she thanked them 'ever so much.' They escorted her safely home, and she told the story to her anxious mother, who weaved it into a song, and it has ever since lived in tradition, and been sung by the braves at each recurring annual rabbit-hunt."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A NURSERY YARN. — "Bets Remington and I was gals together, and the only difference betwixt us two was, I was rich and she was poor. As I sat spinning at my little wheel, I heard some one knock at the door. Come in, Bets, says I; and who should come but Bets. Why, Bets, says I, What's the news? Well, she was going to get married. Well, says I, if you're going to get married, you'll be wanting some things. So I went up stairs and got a matrass, and a couple of pair of pillowbeds, and two old sheets, and brought 'em down, and says I, Here, Bets, and I went down stairs, and I got a pound cake, and a plum cake, and a whole cheese. And I got 'em before her, and she ate, and she ate, till I thought, my soul, she'd die. Then, said she, I must do as beggars do, eat and run. What's your hurry, Bets? says I. Can't you stay a little longer? No, says she, it's a dark night, and a lone road. So she went out, and she got into a rang horse, and a ranketty shay, and she went off singing,

'Friendship 's like a spider's web, aysily broken.'"

This is to be repeated with lips drawn over the teeth, as if they belonged to an old woman; the reciter may wear spectacles and cap. What a "rang" horse is, I do not know. On repeating the words to a New England woman, now living in Quincy, Illinois, she said: "Why, that's what I used to be told when I was a child. At the words, "ate, ate, ate," the hands are raised in amazement.

Mrs. F. B. Knapp.

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The assertion has often been made, in the pages of this Journal, that the contributions recently made to the record of primitive tradition in America